

# The House that was Reformed





FROM THE BOOKS OF  
PERRY WALTON

# The House that was Reformed

A little story of the  
Wilson's' experience  
with the Bay State  
Man





THE FARM-HOUSE WHEN THE WILSONS FOUND IT

## THE HOUSE THAT WAS REFORMED



**THAT'S** it. We want it, Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Thomas Wilson, pointing to the old farm-house, as the runabout came puffing up the ridge of Hackmatack Hill.

"It certainly is a peach," said her husband, "but it does need paint."

"Bother!" exclaimed his wife, "don't let that trouble you: it's the lines of the house I like, and the Bay State Man can 'tend to the paint. Oh, what a wonderful

location, too! Let's drive into the yard and talk to that nice old man. We can ask for a glass of water, and perhaps we may get a chance to look over the house. I know this is the farm we have been looking so long for."

"Humph!" grunted Tom, "I guess you will find you can't buy it. That old eodger sitting on the porch is certainly a hard man to deal with, and then perhaps you have noticed the best places are never for sale."

And so it came to pass that the Wilsons drew up in front of the Silas Fogg homestead on the top of Hackmatack Hill. Nobody had any idea how old the house was, but the frame was of solid hewn timber, mortised and fastened together with honest oak pins. The lines were of the beautiful square Bulfinch type that is still to be found here and there in New England.

Phil Sawyer, the postmaster of Hackmatack, said that the house could roll to the bottom of the



THE HALL AFTER THE BAY STATE TREATMENT

hill and land safely right side up without cracking its plaster. As if such a respectable, dignified old New England homestead ever could indulge in such evidences of hard cider!

Oh, no! the old farm-house sat too securely and sedately on the top of the hill under the giant elm that shaded it. It seemed like a part of the hilltop and natural scenery, and not a building at all. Vines climbed over its generous porches and shaded its windows of old panes, while gray lichens crept over its roof and orioles swung overhead in the elm branches and squirrels frisked in the butternut-tree by the back door.

It spread out, green and gray, over the hillside, for all the world like a hen spreading her feathers over her chicks; and, though sadly in need of painting, it was truly a lovable place and just the sort the Wilsons had been looking for. Doors, thresholds, and windows had that refreshing air of informality and homelike comfort that the tired business man comes to look for in a country place. In spite of the fact that it lacked paint, it certainly looked attractive that afternoon when Tom Wilson, his wife, and little Tom chugged up the hill in their runabout on one of their days of farm-hunting.

The Wilsons lived in a cosy apartment in the city, just big enough for the three; but, like all city dwellers, they had grown tired of the confinement of narrow walls, and wanted a place in which to stretch, especially a place in the great out-of-doors,—a place in which little Tom could become really a part of a husky, whole-souled country boy.

Tom left the country for the city, and, now that he had become more or less successful in his small business, his greatest desire was to possess a country home. "For scratch a city man," he often said, "and you will find a farmer under the surface."

So Tom and his wife, Bess, were strong for the "back to the land" idea, and the fact that Tom, Jr., then almost five, was growing up made them all the more anxious to get into the country as soon as they could.

So they had studied farm catalogs and poultry and farming magazines galore, and each holiday found them flying over the face of the country, in and out of the lanes, over long dusty hills, and into all sorts of beautiful nooks and corners, in a vain search for the ideal farm. And when they saw Silas Fogg silhouetted outside his front door in the old broken-back settle that had done duty for half a lifetime, and looked over the lines of his old farm-house, they made up their minds that they had found their ideal at last. It came to pass, too, that just at the moment of their call Silas Fogg had half made up his mind that, if a good opportunity offered, he would sell the house and join his brother in California, who had grown up there and who had accumulated more cash than any one man needed.

The runabout turned into the yard and puffed up the grassy path to the front porch at just what the novelist would describe as the "psychological moment."

"Howdy," said Silas, coming to his feet and showing a great height of frame.

"We would like a drink of water," said Tom, in the most matter-of-fact way. "Certainly," was the reply; and, while Mrs. Tom was drinking the delicious water which came from deep down in the granite hill, Tom remarked that the neighborhood looked lonesome.

"Well, 'tain't so lonely as you think," said the old man, "'cause it's only a step to the village down the hill."

And then, very diplomatically, Tom led up to the question that was uppermost.

"Have you ever thought of selling?" he asked.

"Well, I dunno. I've lived here so long, I think I might as well die here," said Fogg, who loved a bargain just as much as any Yankee, and who, although he had made up his mind to sell, wanted his price.

In a few moments he had named a figure, and then Tom asked to see the house. The Wilsons examined it from roof to cellar, and were more and more enraptured with their find as they passed from room to room. Finally, Tom, in response to repeated nudgings by Mrs. Tom, made Silas a definite offer.

"I'll think it over," said Fogg, having inwardly, however, made up his mind to accept if he could not manage to raise the amount.

"Well, I'll tell you what you do. Give me an option for a week," said Tom, to which the old man agreed, and then the Wilsons left.

A week later a letter was received by Tom in which the old man accepted his price, and, after the country lawyer had drawn up the necessary papers and the title had been searched, the Wilsons found themselves in possession of the old place including, as Tom used to add, "in the language of the farm catalog, thirty-two acres of level ground, an abundance of fruit trees, chance to keep poultry, and a tie-up for ten cows."

The "abundance of fruit" painted visions for Mrs. Tom of a cellar filled with jars of jam, and in the "chance to keep poultry" she saw flocks of Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds with big brown eggs for little Tom, while Tom himself determined to make of the "tie-up for ten cows" an ideal workshop, as well as a garage for the run-



THE LIVING-ROOM AFTER A FREE USE OF THE BAY STATE LINE

about. In the attic was a miscellaneous collection of quaint old furniture, in all stages of dilapidation, that would have warmed the heart of the antique dealer. All it needed was a little paint and glue to make it as good as new.

"Now we will begin painting," said Mrs. Wilson, when the house had become their own and they had taken their first holiday to get it in order, "and be sure, when you go to the village, to ask for paint that is sold under the sign of the BAY STATE MAN. He is also the trade-mark of BAY STATE AGATENE, a wonderful proposition, as later you will see, and the only paint a family should use. You see, dear," she added with a smile, "I've been reading up on paint."

As Tom used to tell the story afterwards, "A place looks fairly well when it is being lived in, but, when it is empty, all its defects are exaggerated,—nothing is left to the imagination,—and Silas, as I told you, had lived alone there for about forty years.

"Our first idea was to use the farm merely as a summer place, but it was so comfortable and so convenient, with the man about to help do errands, that we decided to use it all the year round. It was in fairly good repair, but, oh, the paint it needed that it didn't have, and the dirt it had that it didn't need! while, as for the furniture,—well, you should have seen the mess of old junk in the attic. But Bess went almost wild over the quaintness of the architecture and enthusiastic over the results she was going to get with glue and BAY STATE AGATENE to help.

"Before we got through, we were masons, plumbers, carpenters, street sweeps, excavators (of dirt), and painters. Oh, yes, painters most of all."

"It is to laugh," said a friend at the club, "to



think that you, Tom, would get on your knees and paint."

"Not a bit of it," was the reply: "it was such fun tinkering here, there, and everywhere with BAY STATE AGATENE. The Mrs. did most of the work, but, of course, I did the heavy work. It was almost as good as a game of golf, especially as renovating the old place and the old things with BAY STATE AGATENE was just like cleaning the dust from a delightful old Rubens and bringing out the rich coloring with a new coat of clear varnish."

"You certainly make it sound all right, Tom," his friend chuckled. "Go on!"

"Our first move," continued Tom, "was to open the old fireplaces and clean out the dust and soot of years. Then we repaired the brick hearths, and touched them up with BAY STATE BRICK AND CEMENT COATING. You know that comes in many different tints, and it is just the thing for brickwork, stucco, or cement. It gives a beautiful velvet finish which you can't get in any other way. We intensified the red of our bricks and touched up the cement with a darker tone. The ceilings needed whitening, and these we went over with BAY STATE FRESCOINE.

"You don't know much about fixing up an old house, so take my advice, and remember, after the first coats of dirt are shovelled out, to begin with the ceilings, then the woodwork and walls, then the floors. If you start to stain or paint the floors, you will have to do them all over when the rest of the work is done. And say, here's another thing to remember. When you start to paint a room, be sure to leave a clear space to back out on, and do that last of all. I'll never forget the day Bess tried to do the den floor all alone, and I found her marooned in the middle of the floor, with nothing but a can of BAY STATE AGATENE for company.

"After we had touched up the ceilings with the beautiful gray tint of the BAY STATE FRESCOINE, we started on the walls, and here Bess certainly showed her ingenuity. She found some wall paper of a good texture, but an unpopular pattern, at a bargain sale, and put it on wrong side out, and then tinted the walls with BAY STATE DULTINT. That is a washable paint that dries dull, or, as a painter would say, flat.

"My wife had learned a whole lot about paint-



ing paper, because she told me I never wanted to paint paper that was not tight on the wall.

"Then we were ready for the woodwork, and you will remember the house has a good deal of standing woodwork, panelling and all, and then we found BAY STATE AGATENE the best of all paints of its kind. Talk about others! BAY STATE AGATENE stays where it's put. Doesn't scratch white or show heel marks. Where there was old paint, we put on a ground coat of BAY STATE AGATENE. I put a cement floor in the cold storage room we had built in the cellar for milk and cream and also in



THE DINING-ROOM AFTER RENOVATING THE OLD FURNITURE

the pump house and in the garage, and applied BAY STATE BRICK AND CEMENT COATING. We have not been troubled with 'sanding' in either place."

"Look here, Tommy," his clum at the elub broke in one day, "you are always jabbering about BAY STATE AGATENE. For heaven's sake, who makes it?"

"To enlighten your ignorance, I'll tell you that BAY STATE AGATENE is a complete wood finish made by Wadsworth, Howland & Co., Inc., of Boston. If you or your wife ever do any renovating, don't forget that name. BAY STATE AGATENE certainly did brighten things up for us in more ways than one, and, after we got started, we used it for every conceivable thing, until some of our friends call the farmstead THE AGATENE HOUSE. I could talk all night about what we did with BAY STATE AGATENE, but I won't."

"Go on, Tom, I'm really interested in knowing what you did. Your details are interesting, especially details that tell of the renovation of such a delightful old place as you have."

"I'll never forget," went on Tom, "the day we caught Tommy trying to get outside of a can of clear BAY STATE AGATENE, under the impression that it was maple syrup. He's bright enough. We didn't need any of it on his interior finish, but, believe me, we used it everywhere else. For example, in the living-room, after we had made the necessary repairs, we sandpapered the woodwork and gave it a coat of BAY STATE FLAT WHITE AGATENE, put on so that it covered thoroughly every spot, and then finished with BAY STATE GLOSS WHITE AGATENE. On the kitchen woodwork, where the paint was dark, we used BAY STATE GROUND AGATENE for the first coat, and finished with a coat of light oak. We touched the new places on the floor and the worn spots with BAY STATE GROUND AGATENE,

and then went over the entire floor with another coating of BAY STATE GROUND AGATENE, to get a uniform effect. On both the kitchen and the living-room, as the paint was dark, we used the BAY STATE GROUND AGATENE for the first coat, so that the second coat would come out in its proper shade. The staircase you admire so much was a perfect eyesore till Bess and I went over it with BAY STATE AGATENE.

"First we sandpapered the old finish, then put on a coat of flat white. Then we finished with a coat of BAY STATE GLOSS WHITE AGATENE for the treads and the well-worn banisters, and gave the hand-rail a coat of BAY STATE MAHOGANY AGATENE. Now it's a bit of painting that would turn a professional green with envy.

"The dining-room we found panelled in oak which had been painted. We removed the paint with BAY STATE MAGIC PAINT AND VARNISH REMOVER, sandpapered it down, and finished it with a couple of coats of BAY STATE CLEAR AGATENE, rubbing it down between coats. We laid an oak floor in this room, and filled the pores with BAY STATE PASTE FILLER. Then I applied a coat of BAY STATE SHELLAC, sandpapered it lightly, finishing with BAY STATE WAX FLOOR POLISH, which Bess applied with a cloth and rubbed to a polish.

"The ironwork and andirons of the fireplace in the dining-room, as well as in the living-room, got a good coat of BAY STATE FLAT BLACK AGATENE. The screens were treated with BAY STATE SCREEN BLACK, and the stove-pipe in the kitchen got a coat of BAY STATE STOVE PIPE ENAMEL, and after this the fireplaces and the stove-pipe looked like new.

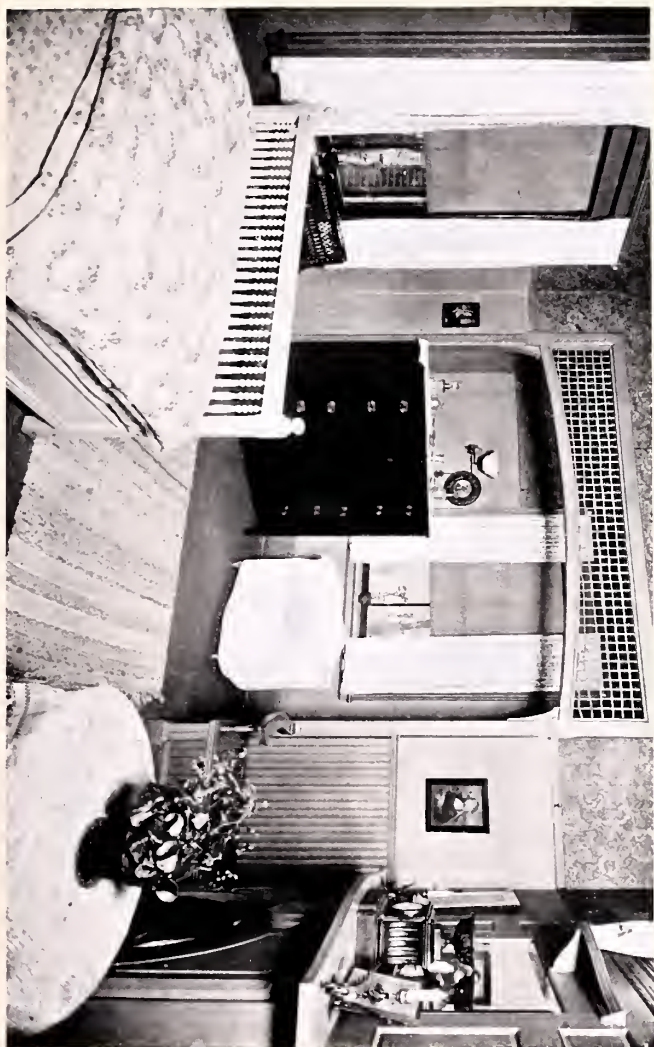
"One of the bedrooms is done in a shade of cherry,—a color I particularly like. Of course, we did other things besides painting."

"Glad to hear it," grunted this friend, "but, for instance"—

"For instance," said Tom, "we burned all of Silas's roller curtains. They contained too many embalmed flies to suit us, and replaced them with new. Curtains, not flies, you dummy. Bess made some pretty hanging curtains of burlap in color to harmonize with the wall and the woodwork. I gave the porch ceilings a coat of BAY STATE CLEAR AGATENE after we had rescued the can from Tommy, and after Bess and I had scrubbed the kitchen floor we gave that a coat of BAY STATE CLEAR AGATENE also.

"The floors in the other rooms had been painted before, so we washed them,—their first bath in many years, I reckon. Then we touched up the repaired places of new wood with BAY STATE PATENT FILLER. We gave the floors a coat of BAY STATE GROUND AGATENE, and, as soon as it had dried thoroughly, we finished them with light oak BAY STATE AGATENE. You see what a fine color and lustre they have. Also they are durable, for they will stand either hot or cold water and will not show white from scratches or heel-marks. There is no finish for all interior woodwork that wears better than WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & Co.'s BAY STATE AGATENE.

"After the house itself had been AGATENED so that it fairly sparkled, we began to furbish up the furniture that we dug out of the attic. It was a pretty tough-looking assortment when we got it downstairs and looked it over. But I piled it out in the garage, and began to work on it. First of all, I glued up the shaky joints, and generally tuned up pieces suffering with general debility. It's amazing what a few drops of glue and a brace or two will do for a piece of old furniture. It



THE GUEST CHAMBER AFTER PAINTING WITH THE BAY STATE LINE



takes a new lease of life, and after it's had the BAY STATE AGATENE treatment it entirely recovers its self-respect.

"We found some of the furniture was real mahogany. This we sandpapered, gave it two or three coats of BAY STATE CLEAR AGATENE rubbed down before the final coat, and then rubbed it with pumice stone and water. You ought to see the real egg-shell finish we got on some of these fine old pieces.

"'You are a wonder, my dear,' Bess used to say, when she saw what a wonderful collection of



delightful furniture we had, which by this time looked as good as new.

“‘Thank you, my dear,’ I’d reply, with a bow, ‘it’s the BAY STATE AGATENE that’s a wonder. There is nothing like it.’

“We used BAY STATE GLOSS BLACK AGATENE for the bedroom chairs and a little fine bead-work in BAY STATE GOLD AGATENE on their backs entirely restored their quaint old pattern.

“The piazza chairs we painted with BAY STATE PIAZZA CHAIR ENAMEL forest green.”

“Didn’t you do anything to the exterior of the house?”

"Well, we didn't. But the painters did, and we insisted on their using the BAY STATE LIQUID PAINTS. How would my wife look on a scaffold painting her own house?" said Tom. "When it came to the outside of the house, we were undecided at first whether to use the BAY STATE PURE WHITE LEAD or the celebrated BAY STATE LIQUID PAINT, but finally decided on BAY STATE LIQUID PAINT, and, indeed, we have not been sorry, for it was a beautiful job, and there have been many of our friends who have asked, 'What paint did you use on the outside of your house that makes it look so much better than many houses?' And we of course said, 'WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.'S BAY STATE LIQUID PAINT.' We gave the exterior two coats of BAY STATE LIQUID PAINT, White, and the blinds BAY STATE GOLDEN STAR GREEN LIQUID PAINT. The chimneys were given a coat of BAY STATE BRICK AND CEMENT COATING, brick red, the window sashes BAY STATE BLACK LIQUID PAINT. We decided on these colors after consulting the color cards of Wadsworth, Howland & Co., Inc.

"The piazza floor, as well as the back stairs, we painted with COLUMBIA DECK PAINT, having first filled up the cracks with BAY STATE CRACK FILLER instead of putty. And then, to cap the whole thing, we gave the roof a treatment with BAY STATE MOSS GREEN SHINGLE STAIN, and I tell you we have got a dandy house."

"It must be almost as good as new," said his friend.

"Well, it is; and let me tell you that it can be kept new with the application of the right kind of paints, as can any old house.

"The living-room furniture was finished with mahogany BAY STATE AGATENE. There was very little genuine mahogany in the whole house, but



THE WILSONS' BEDROOM READY FOR OCCUPANCY

you would hardly know it unless you were told. The mahogany furniture went especially well in the living-room, while the walnut BAY STATE AGATENE just fits the darker finish in the den. To conform with the dull colors of the hangings, we finished the furniture with the BAY STATE ANTIQUE STAINS, giving us that proper mission effect which makes a den so cosey.

"One of the prizes Bess found were two lovely Colonial oval mirrors with the glass uncracked. These she regilded with the BAY STATE AGATENE gold effect, and you ought to see them now.

"In a word,—and I'm afraid it's been considerably more than a word,—we brightened the old house from cellar to attic with BAY STATE AGATENE, and, when we had finished our work, it looked so attractive, both inside and out, that we decided it was too good for summer use merely. So we put in a bath-room, finished, by the way, in white BAY STATE AGATENE, and a hot-water heater, the radiators painted with gold BAY STATE AGATENE, and in some rooms aluminum BAY STATE AGATENE, according to the color scheme, and here we are back on the land, and mighty glad to get there, too."

"I envy you," said the friend. "You certainly have a charming place."

"Yes, thanks, in large degree, to WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.'s BAY STATE AGATENE and their BAY STATE PRODUCTS," said Wilson, as he said "Good-night."

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names and we will mail  
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